## DRIFT WOOD OF A HUMAN TIDE. What a Reporter Saw at the Crossing of Two Busy Streets.

An observant philosopher once said that a busy street is a reflex of the life of a city. Such a mirror of ever-changing scenes and ineidents is the junction of Broadway and Fuiton street. Standing there one day, the reporter kept his eyes, ears, and notebook open, and this is the record of the passing hour:

Street torn up at the crossing, and rough railings erected to prevent pedestrians from umbling into the excavations. Eight out of every ten men grumble or swear at the Board of Aldermen and the steam heating companies. Bootblack stands at the corner where there is

a puddle of soft and very tenacious mud, and shouts, "Shine, shine 'em up." Pedestrians with bespattered clothes and mud-encrusted bests brush by angrily, or glare at the urchin. District Telegraph boy, with long rubber leggings drawn over his trousers and rubber oots on his feet, splashes into the muddle like a duck, and makes more pedestrians angry. He takes out a five-dellar gold piece and flips

clos and white choker in the crowd about the newspaner builetin. Said young man looks like a divinity student, and seems much interested in the Egyptian war news headings. Detective regards him very suspiciously without appearing to pay the slightest attention to him. Eiderly gentieman appears around the corner; is banged against the news stand by the crowd; drops his good-rimmed spectacles; picks them up and finds the right crystal cracked in two places and hopelessly ruined. Owner looks your much as if he would like to sweer, but he doesn't. Its. simply folds the glasses up, and dibottoning his cont. Shows them carefully into his waistecat pocket and waits for glasses.

Next comes along another young man with another peddier's tray, bended nose, and pronounced masal account. He cries: Gollar buddings, dree vor fife; subschints, feld soloss; pust der ding ver vinter. Dwenty-fife gent. Trimble of the street of the shout of many voices, and a fire out, the should be sh

in the negative.

"I do not know of any student being serious-iy hurt." he said, "in any collegiate sport or exercise since one had his leg broken in a game of football, a number of years ago. That was

the lists of that institution, replied emphatically in the negative.

"I do not know of any student being seriously hurt," he said, "in any collegiate sport or exercise since one had his leg broken in a game of football, a number of years ago. That was before the days of intercollegiate matches in rowing, football, and hase ball. I do not think that the athletic exercises of the students interfere at all with their intellectual labors, but the property of the students interfere at all with their intellectual labors, but principles that they are of very decided stock of health and increasing their powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. And as for their sufficient powers of mental apprhention. I may be sufficiently as the sufficient powers of mental apprhention. I may be sufficiently as the sufficient powers of mental apprhention. I may be sufficiently as the sufficient powers of the sufficient to their property of the sufficient powers of the sufficient to their property of the sufficient powers of the sufficient to their property of the sufficient powers of the sufficient po

From the Chicago Frihune. "Higher than Gilderoy's kite." The words came with mournful distinctness from the shien lips of Aristides Mulcahey as he stood within the precincts of a vine-embowered cottags, his handsoms face pallid with grief, while the nervous twitching of the riant mouth that was overhung by a drooping moustache showed how bitter was the pain by which

A CHARMING LOT OF NEWS.

Nearly a Blof.

his soul was racked.

Bertie Cecil, to whom he had spoken the words with
which this chapter opens, was seated languidly on a
futculi, a cynical I-have-been in Oshkosh smile playing lightly over his face. He was one of those superbly if, men to whom the rapid civilization of the nineteenth century has given birth, and as he sat there in all he insociones and striped pants one could see that though his life had been a gay and reckies one, it had held for him much of disappointment and sorrow. "So she refused you point blank?" he asks.

"Yes," is the reply, "She could never bear to leave her dear parents, and the little brothers and sisters whose lives were wrapped up in hers. God knows I love her though "-and the strong man turned away to hide

his grief.

Bertie was by his side in an instant.

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"She told you nothing else t" he asks—"gave you no other reason."

"No." is the reply, "none whatever."

"Then go back to her." Bertie says, "and plead with her again," and he seats himself in the chair and awards the return of his friend.

In a few moments Aristides reappears, his pure young face wreathed in entiles.

"What success!" asks Bertie.

Aristides does not reply at once, but stemmes to Bert.

ings drawn over this trousers and rubber boots on his cet, spisables into the middle that a duck, and makes more pedestrians anary. He takes out a five-delar god piece and five the property of the same of the public, and a five-delar god piece and five the public, rus a spring the public, rus a spring the training over the public, rus and property of the execution. It is a source of the public, rus and property of the execution. It is a source of the public, rus and property of the rushing of

have been lighted, and umbrollas are up, for it has begun to rain. The umbrollas conceal individual faces, and blot out the most interesting feature of the panorama. Bosides, it is disagreeable to stand in the rain, even under an awning, and the notebook is pocketed.

STUDENTS' ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Opinions of the Columbia Faculty Opposed to Chancellor Crossby's.

A current newspaper paragraph informs the public that a number of students, belonging to some unspecified college, are now laid up at their homes suffaring from physical inpuries sustained in their athletic exercises, President Barnard of Columbia College, upon being asked if the damaged sudents were on the lists of that institution, replied emphatically in the negative.

The New Colessal Status for Columbia College, upon the lists of that institution, replied emphatically in the negative.

# The New Colossal Statue for Germany.